

ANNOUNCEMENT!

We wish to announce to our many friends and patrons that we have recently purchased the entire stock of the BATESBURG SHOE & CLOTHING COMPANY. This concern has been under our management for some time. We would not be human if our hearts were not filled with pride. The success of the business is unparalleled. Through our own efforts and the help of our many friends, (our patrons), each month brings forth better results---showing an increase in business. : : : : : We ever expect to keep up the high standard of our goods; we do not go in the market looking for cheap job lots in any lines we carry. Our aim is to give to the trade the best article for the money--Style, Fit and Quality considered. With every sale we make goes our IRON-CLAD guarantee, as to quality and price. If you want New, Nobby, Stylish, Up-To-Date Stuff, we can serve you. If you are not already one of our regular patrons, get next and join the rank and file of the best dressed people in your community. Do this, it will not cost you a cent more, and in the long run we will save you many dollars.

WILL. and JULE COONER,

Our Firm Name Will Continue to be THE BATESBURG SHOE & CLOTHING COMPANY.

THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

A ROMANCE BY ANN RATCLIFFE

We now return to Valancourt, who it may be remembered, remained at Thoulouse, some time after the departure of Emily, restless and miserable. Each morning, that approached, he designed should carry him from thence; yet tomorrow and to-morrow came, and still saw him lingering in the scene of his former happiness. He could not immediately tear himself from the spot, where he had been accustomed to converse with Emily, or from the objects they had viewed together, which appeared to him memorials of her affections, as well as a kind of surety for its faithfulness; and next to the pain of bidding her adieu, was that of leaving the scenes which so powerfully awakened her image. Sometimes he had bribed a servant, who had been left in the care of Madame Montoni's chateau, to permit him to visit the gardens, and there he would wander, for hours together, rapt in a melancholy, not unpleasing. The terrace and pavilion at the end of it, where he had taken leave of Emily, on the eve of her departure from Thoulouse, were his most favorite haunts. There as he talked, or leaned from the window of the building, he would endeavor to recollect all she had said, on that night, to catch the tones of her voice, as they faintly vibrated on his memory, and to remember the exact expression of her countenance, which sometimes came suddenly to his fancy, like a vision; that beautiful countenance, which awakened, as by instantaneous magic, all the tenderness of his heart and seemed to tell with irresistible eloquence--that he had left her forever!

At these moments, his hurried steps would have discovered to a spectator the despair of his heart. The character of Montoni, such as he had received from hints, and such as his fears represented it, would rise to his view, together, with all the dangers it seemed to threaten to Emily and his love. He blamed himself, that he had not urged this more forcibly to her, while it might have been in his power to detain her, and that he had suffered an absurd and criminal delicacy, as he termed it, to conquer so soon the reasonable arguments he had opposed to this journey. Any evil, that might have attended their marriage, seemed so inferior to those, which now threatened their love or even to the sufferings that absence occasioned, that he wondered how he could have ceased to urge his suit, till he had convinced her of its propriety; and he would certainly now have followed her to Italy, if he could have been spared from his regiment for so long a journey. His regiment, indeed, soon reminded him, that he had other duties to attend than those of love.

A short time after his arrival at his brother's house he was summoned to join his brother officers and he accompanied a battalion to Paris, where a scene of novelty and gaiety opened upon him, such as till then he had only a faint idea of. But gaiety disgusted, and company fatigued his sick mind; and he became an object of unceasing rally to his companions, from whom, whenever he could steal an opportunity, he escaped to think of Emily. The scenes around him however, and the company with whom he was obliged to mingle, engaged his attention, though they failed to amuse his fancy, and thus gradually weakened the habit of yielding to lamentation, till it appeared less a duty to his love to indulge it. Among his brother officers were many, who added to the ordinary character of a French soldier's gaily sense of these deceiving qualities, which too fre-

quently throw a veil over folly, and sometimes even soften the features of vice into smiles. To these men the reserved and thoughtful manners of Valancourt were a kind of tacit censure on their own, for which they rallied him when present, and plotted against him when absent; they gloried in the thought of reducing him to their own level, and, considering it to be a spirited frolic, determined to accomplish it.

Valancourt was a stranger to the gradual progress of scheme and intrigue, against which he could not be on his guard. He had not been accustomed to receive ridicule, and he could ill endure its sting; he resented it, and this only drew upon him a louder laugh. To escape it from such scenes, he fled into solitude, and there the image of Emily met him, and revived the pangs of love and despair. He then sought to renew those tasteful studies, which had been the delight of his early years; but his mind had left the tranquillity, which is necessary for their enjoyment. To forget himself and the grief and anxiety, which the idea of her recalled, he would quit his solitude, and again mingle in the crowd--glad of a temporary relief, and rejoicing to snatch amusement for the moment.

Thus passed weeks after weeks, time gradually softening his sorrow, and habit strengthening his desire of amusement, till the scenes around him seemed to awaken into a new character, and Valancourt, to have fallen among them from the clouds.

His figure and address made him a welcome visitor, wherever he had been introduced, and he soon frequented the most gay and fashionable circles of Paris. Among these, was the assembly of the Countess Lacour, a woman of eminent beauty and captivating manners. She had passed the spring of youth, but her wit prolonged the triumph of its reign, and they mutually assisted the fame of each other; for those, who were charmed by her loveliness, spoke with enthusiasm of her talents; and others, who admired her playful imagination, declared that her personal graces were unrivalled. But her imagination was more playful, and her wit, if such it could be called, was brilliant, rather than just; it dazzled, and its fallacy escaped the detection of the moment; for the accents in which she pronounced it and the smile, that accompanied them, were a spell upon the judgment of the auditors.

Her petit soupers were the most tasteful of any in Paris, and were frequented by many of the second class of literati. She was fond of music, was herself a scientific performer, and had frequently concerts at her house. Valancourt who passionately loved music, and who sometimes assisted at these concerts, admired her execution, but remembered with a sigh the eloquent simplicity of Emily's songs and the natural expression of her manner, which waited not to be approved by the judgment, but found their way at once to the heart.

Madame La Comtesse had often deep play at her house, which she affected to restrain, but secretly encouraged, and it was well known among her friends, that the splendour of her establishment was chiefly supplied from the profits of her tables. But her petit soupers were the most charming imaginable! Here were all the delicacies of the four quarters of the world, all the wit and the lighter efforts of genius, all the graces of conversation--the smiles of beauty, and the charms of music; and Valancourt passed his pleasantest, as well

as most dangerous hours in these parties.

His brother who remained with his family in Gascony, had contented himself with giving him letters of introduction to such of his relations, residing at Paris, as the latter was not already known to. All these were persons of some distinction; and as neither the person mind or manners of Valancourt the younger threatened to disgrace their alliance, they received him with as much kindness as their nature, would admit of; but their attentions did not extend to acts of real friendship; for they were too much occupied by their own pursuits, to feel any interest in his; and thus he was set down in the midst of Paris, in the pride of youth with an open, unsuspicious temper, and ardent affections without one friend, to warn him of the dangers to which he was exposed. Emily, who, had she been present, would have saved him from these evils by awakening his heart, and engaging him in worthy pursuits, now only increased his danger; it was to lose the grief, which the remembrance of her occasioned, that he first sought amusement; and for this end he pursued it, till habit made it an object of abstract interest.

There was also a Marchioness Champort, a young widow, at whose assemblies he passed much of his time. She was handsome, still more artful, gay and fond of intrigue. The society, which she drew round her, was less elegant and more vicious, than that of the Countess Lacour; but, as she had address enough to throw a veil, though but a slight one, over the worst part of her character, she was still visited by many persons of what is called distinction. Valancourt was introduced to her parties by two of his brother officers, whose late ridicule he had now forgiven so far, that he could sometimes join in the laugh, which a mention of his former manners would renew.

The gaiety of the most splendid court in Europe, the magnificence of the palaces, entertainments, and equipages that surrounded him--all conspired to dazzle his imagination, and re-animate his spirits, and the examples and maxims of his military associates to delude his mind. Emily's image, indeed, still lived there; but it was no longer the friend, the monitor, that saved him from himself, and to which he retired to weep the sweet, yet melancholy, tears of tenderness.

When he had recourse to it, it seemed a countenance of mild reproach that wrung his soul, and called forth the tears of unmingled misery; his only escape from which was to forget the object of it, and he endeavored, therefore, to think of Emily as seldom as he could.

Thus dangerously circumstanced was Valancourt, at the time when Emily was suffering at Venice, from the persecuting addresses of Count Morano, and the unjust authority of Montoni; at which period we leave him.

Leaving the gay scenes of Paris, we return to those of the gloomy Appennine, where Emily's thoughts were still faithful to Valancourt. Looking to him as to her only hope, she recollected with jealous exactness, every assurance and every proof she had witnessed of his affection; read again and again his letters she had received from him; weighed with intense anxiety, the force of every word that spoke of his attachment; and dried her tears, as she trusted in his truth.

Montoni's disagreement with Madame Montoni, on the subject of her settlements, were now more frequent than ever, he even confined her entirely to her own apartment, and did not scruple to threaten her with much greater severity should she persevere in a refusal.

To be continued.

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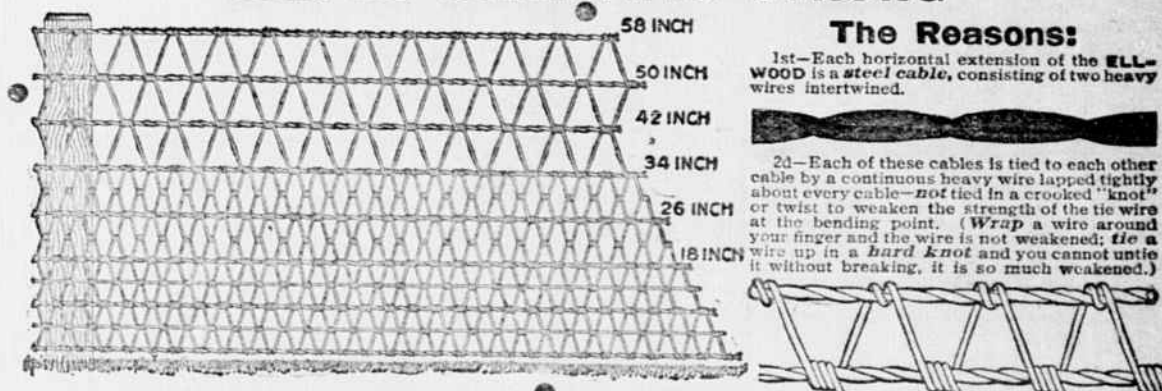
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